

May, 1935

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# The Liguorian

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

In view of the national interest in questions of social and economic reform, we feel that the new translation of the famous Encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, with commentary, beginning in this issue of *The Liguorian*, will receive a warm welcome. It was Huey Long who, when asked whether he was acquainted with the two famous papal Encyclicals on Labor, answered, certainly, — that he himself had had them incorporated in the Congressional Record. Then when he was quizzed on one of the most important issues dealt with by the Popes, he answered that "he hadn't read that part."

\* \* \*

Many Catholics would no doubt be in that situation, were they to be closely questioned. They are all for reform; they cheer for the Pope as the champion of justice and friend of labor, but do not know what he has proposed. These articles on the Encyclical will be simple, direct and complete, so that all can learn and understand. They will assist anyone in following and appraising Father Coughlin's campaign, who on Easter Sunday received such high approval from his bishop on the very score of the wording of the Encyclical of Pius XI.

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Together with such timely and instructive fare, *The Liguorian* will continue to provide stories, sketches, biographies, open letters, and all its other usual features of interest. "I saw one copy," says a new friend, "and would like to have back numbers of the past two years, as well as future issues."

And that, we must admit, is fulsome praise.



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# THE LIGUORIAN



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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.  
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXIII.

MAY, 1935

No. 5

## "MOTHERS' DAY"

I lift my loving soul today  
And give it, Christ, to Thee,  
My halting tongue can never tell  
How burns the heart of me  
With love for her who mothered me  
As Mary e'en did mother Thee.

O, Thou, Who wert a tiny Babe  
And needed mother-care,  
I, too, was once a little babe,  
Then hear my humble prayer  
For one who in fair love of Thee  
Gave mother-love and care to me.

But, first, my Lord, I fain would speak  
Sweet praise and love supreme  
For Her Who gave Thee human birth  
'Neath midnight stars a gleam,  
Within a cavern cold and chill  
To glorify Thy Father's Will.

Of mothers She, the Peerless one,  
The Maiden Undeiled,  
The First to smile into Thine eyes  
As they looked up and smiled  
And saw in Her as mirrored new  
The Image of Thy Godhead True.

I love to think Thy Mother lends  
A mead of mother-grace  
To one dear heart who after Her  
Shall ever keep first place  
Within the sanctum of my soul  
What time in Thee I seek life's goal.

For my dear mother, Jesus, flood  
This hallowed Mothers' Day  
With light that 'lumes all Love Divine  
Her steps up Heaven's way;  
And this I beg in Mary's Name  
Whose Mother-love is my best claim.

—W. C. Treanor, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### ON CHURCHES AND PARISHES

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"I guess St. Peter's," said Lawrence Dwyer, as he and Father Casey elbowed their way through the crowds surging in and out of the vast edifice, "I guess St. Peter's is about the biggest parish in the whole world, isn't it, Father Tim?"

"A bad guess, Larry," the priest replied, "St. Peter's is not a parish church at all. It is used at present as the cathedral of the diocese, but it is not even a parish church."

"Who is the bishop of this diocese?" Dwyer was not particularly interested in the names of these foreign bishops, but the question naturally presented itself, and so he asked it.

"Oh," said the priest, "a certain Achilles Ratti, from Milan, better known as Pius XI."

"Ah, Father Tim, what an ass I am! Of course the bishop of Rome is the Holy Father himself. I recited that a hundred times when I was a kid. — 'The Pope, the bishop of Rome, and the visible head of the Church.' And so this is the Pope's cathedral."

"He is using it as his cathedral. The Basilica of St. John Lateran, over on the other side of the city, is the real cathedral of Rome, the highest in dignity of all churches — 'Omnium ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis Mater et Caput.' You remember I showed you that inscription over the portal."

"Yes. It means 'The Mother and chief of all the churches of the City and the world.' But say, Father Tim, if St. Peter's is not a parish church, what about all these people?"

"They may attend Mass here or in any other church they please. Each one, however, belongs to some parish church, where he must go for Baptism and Marriages."

"And pew rent," the young man supplied.

"Larry, in Rome 'They ain't no sech animal.'"

"But, Father, isn't every church a parish church?"

"Not at all. The Redemptorist church, for instance, on Via Merulana, where we go so often to venerate the original picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, is not a parish church."

"But many people go there. Why, on Sundays there are at least nine successive Masses, and all well attended."

"Nevertheless, it is not a parish church. St. Martin's is the parish church. The Redemptorists' is simply one of the churches within the limits of St. Martin's parish."

"And the Gesù, that immense Jesuit church, is it a parish church?"

"No, neither is St. Anthony's, the big Franciscan church on the Via Merulana."

"Where is the parish church of St. Anthony's?"

"Saints Marcellinus and Peter, just across the street."

"Saints Marcellinus and Peter. Yes, I remember it — a beautiful domed church in rich Travertine marble. It looks big on the outside, but there is nothing to it. And so that's the parish church. What a funny arrangement! A handful of people go there, while the big Franciscan church across the street is always thronged. Why in the world don't they make the Franciscan church the parish church?"

"That is not so easily done as you, in your simplicity, imagine."

"I don't see why not. All the Pope has to do is to say the word, and the thing is done. He is the boss around here, isn't he?"

"Back home, in St. Mary's, I am supposed to be the boss, am I not?"

"I'll say you are."

"Well, there are many things I should like to do but daren't. For instance, that ugly and unrubrical plaster statue, on the Epistle side, gives me a headache every time I look at it. It would give me intense pleasure, and I am certain it would please the saint herself to take an axe to that caricature. But it was donated years ago by old Richard Rolfy. Some descendants of his third cousin are still in the parish. What a howl they would set up if that statue were touched. That will give you some idea of the position of the Holy Father. This church of Saints Marcellinus and Peter is important on account of its antiquity and traditions, built, probably, by some prince, renovated by one Cardinal, embellished by another, with Roman patricians buried beneath its pavement. Think of how the proud families of these princes and cardinals and patricians would be offended if this venerable edifice were stripped of its dignity of a parish church. Then the priests in charge have rights of which they should not be deprived. The financial question, too, should be considered. Existing parishes in Italy have a regular revenue from the government — a slight restitution for the ecclesi-

astical property that was confiscated. This revenue is meagre enough, indeed, but it is something. If the parish were transferred, the revenue might be lost. And the Catholics of Rome have neither the custom nor the means of contributing to the support of their parish."

"Then how did they establish new parishes and build new churches, when such became necessary?"

"They simply didn't and couldn't — until the recent agreement between Mussolini and the Vatican. Then the Pope took hold and said it *had* to be done."

"Ah, we all know what that means. When the present Pope gives an order, he means it. Still even the infallible successor of the Prince of the Apostles must have something to use for money. What did he do?"

"He formed an association — 'the Pontifical Association' . . . for Providing New Churches in Rome! He told this association to get to work, raise money somewhere, somehow, and build parish churches for the populous new districts in the suburbs of Rome. The old part of Rome had more churches than it needed; the new parts had no churches at all."

"How did the association succeed in carrying out the Pope's orders?"

"Judge for yourself. Here are the data. From Aug. 5, 1930 to Dec. 7, 1934, three old parishes were suppressed. They stood in the district where Mussolini had cleared out the slums and completed extensive excavations to bring to view the monuments of ancient Rome. After the destruction of the tenements, there were not enough people left to constitute a parish. So three old parish churches were suppressed, nineteen new ones built, and fourteen others were worked over so as to take care of the new requirements. Each of the new parishes has a population of from ten to fifteen thousand. The Pope insisted that the churches be built large enough to accommodate the people, but not so large as to hinder them from following the Mass and hearing and understanding the Word of God. He also wanted each church to be supplied with a priest's house and halls and rooms for the parish societies and Catholic Action groups."

"And parish schools," suggested Dwyer.

"Italy has no parish schools, in the sense we understand them in America. However, since the Concordat, all the public schools have two religion periods a week for each class. These classes are conducted by

teachers approved by the bishop and paid by the government. Not ideal, of course, but a big improvement. What is lacking in religious formation in the school is made up, as far as possible, by instructions in church given by priests and religious and by members of the Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine."

"Does all this mean that the parochial needs of Rome are now supplied?"

"Far, far from it. Marvels have been accomplished in a brief space of time and in the face of obstacles you and I do not even dream of, but much more remains to be done. Ground has been acquired (a most difficult thing in Rome) for future needs. Nineteen other religious centres, with provisional churches, have been established, and these may one day become parishes. In the poor districts outside the city limits, where in 1930 there were twenty-seven chapels with occasional Sunday Mass, there are now ninety-three chapels or churches with Mass every Sunday and often during the week."

"Well, how many churches are there altogether? Would you have any idea?"

"Basilicas, churches, and large chapels would number, I suppose, five or six hundred. Many of these have Sunday Masses continually from five-thirty and earlier until noon inclusive."

"And how many people are there?"

"In 1930 there were 873,000; but the city has grown so fast that today there are 1,012,000."

"Who takes care of these churches?"

"Most of the non-parish churches are served by religious orders. The parish churches are divided between religious and secular priests."

"How many of the churches are parish churches?"

"Eighty-three."

"That," said Dwyer, "means that the great majority of the people are practically never seen in their own parish churches. Father Tim, do you know the very first thing I would do if I were Pope?"

"Yes, I know perfectly well. The very first thing you would do would be to get down on your two knees and ask God to forgive you for the many times you had made snap judgments on complicated cases you didn't know anything about," said Father Casey.



*One rules by work. — Louis XIV.*

## One Shall Sleep

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

It was the old story.

John Vernon had often read of it's happening to others, himself in a remotely wondering mood. Sometimes it was fiction, dressed up in loud and cheap heroics. Sometimes it was reality, as when some prominent figure made the first pages of the newspapers by reason of its gripping news value. Sometimes it was anonymous interviews with one in his present position. These had brought him closest to it. He had imagined himself telling his own feelings under such an imaginary circumstance. Now he could tell them in reality.

It was the old story. They had informed him this afternoon, after carefully looking at the latest X-ray pictures that had been taken, after checking over all his previous examinations and diagnoses and the results of former prescriptions, that he, John Vernon, had at most three months to live. Perhaps only two.

They said it was remotely traceable to the World War, in which he had acquired two medals for bravery, three promotions, and badly damaged nerves and lungs from shell-shock and gas. He had thought he was over all that. There had been two years of loafing, in and out of hospitals. Then he had settled down to work, with only an off-period now and then for illness . . . . He was young — not near his forties. He had been thinking recently, just when he thought his health about fully recovered, of marriage . . . . had planned it . . . . He had been succeeding in business, where others were failing or at least turning to dishonest methods, which he had scrupulously eschewed . . . . Then this . . . . after so many years . . . . It couldn't have been the war — that was too far back, too remote . . . . But what difference did it make where the cause lay? . . . He had three, or maybe two, months to live.

The doctors had bidden him to go home at once and to bed, saying that thus he could perhaps save himself a few weeks of life. A few weeks! He smiled . . . . But he had tried it . . . . It had been intolerable! Out of bed, walking about, he felt fairly well . . . . There was only that constriction in his chest, and awful dryness in his throat, and once in a while only, that feeling of sinking, sinking from weakness

.... People seeing him on the street, however, could hardly take him for a doomed man ....

But at home, lying quietly in bed, he felt stifled and burning with fever, though his temperature was not unusually high. And there his mind would race to and fro like a madman's; the walls would cover themselves with pictures, pictures that changed and grew muddled and jumbled, that brought back scenes from the distant past that he thought had long been forgotten .... He could not stand it. He had got up .... He felt better out here in the streets .... He would walk slowly and often pause for rest. ... He liked to wonder what people who passed him by would think if they knew, if he were to tell them, "In two months I shall die!"

It was evening now. A quiet spring evening when the world seemed to approach the nearest to perfect peace. He had a sudden longing to climb to the park that was situated on a high bluff in the heart of the city, from which one could look down upon the array of houses and lights and streets. ... "Why not?" he thought. "I can take it slowly. ... It will be worth the effort."

On one side of the hill, the steeper side, there was a long flight of steps leading to the summit of the hill. ... He made this ascent slowly. After each dozen or so steps he would sit down for a few moments and rest, and begin to drink in the scenes unfolding before him. At last he reached the top ....

The lawn, reaching down to the railing at the edge of the sheer descent, was very soft and green. The roads through the park stood out brightly white beneath the park lights. On the lawn near the edge of the hill there were benches .... A pair of lovers occupied one, talking in low tones .... a number of children played on the lawn beneath a light. On the opposite side of the park he could see rows of houses stretching down the gradual slope of that side of the hill.

He chose a bench and sat down. The air seemed soft and caressing up here. He looked out over the city. ... Immediately below him lay the dark valley, like the night into which he was drifting. ... Further beyond, the city appeared in her glory, the street lights like chained jewels across her bosom, here and there a large and brilliant advertisement like a flaming brooch, and the automobile lights in the streets moving endlessly along ....

It was better here than at home, in a stifling room, in the lonely

darkness encompassed by four walls. . . . His soul felt nearer at peace than it had since the news of his fate had been broken to him in the afternoon . . . .

\* \* \*

At first he took no notice of the cry that sounded far off in the distance. It was the cry of a newsboy, and it floated on and up through the dim night and only half entered his consciousness. . . . But it was repeated. . . . It was taken up by two, by three, by a dozen voices. . . . It was not the ordinary cry, nor even an extraordinary cry like "Extra! Murder!" It was something different. He heard someone running behind him on the concrete roadway of the park. . . . There were excited voices and shouts. . . . He strained his ears, and then it reached him, in a woman's voice, half wail and half frantic with horror:

"The country has declared war!"

War! War! Now he heard it clearly all about him! He could almost see the city rising up to meet and grapple with the news. Even the lights before him seemed somehow different of a sudden. His own pulse began to pound. He stood up and looked around and saw a boy in the park with papers. He called to him.

Yes, there it was. . . . He read it beneath the light. War had been declared. . . . Armies were being mobilized. . . . A universal draft was imminent. . . . The country must prepare for a long hard struggle. . . .

He sank back upon the bench and his mind became lost, out of control, in memories and scenes. The years fell away and he lived again in weeks and months and years of horror that were about to descend upon the world again. . . . He saw the marching men, with eager and boyish and strained and weary and bloodless faces. . . . He saw trenches and dugouts and mud and filth and wounds and blood. . . . He heard the din of attack, the whistle and whine and crack and boom of the various types of fire . . . the droning of airplanes . . . the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. . . . He saw No Man's land, with its gashes and holes, the straggling fences and tangled wire . . . the shapeless sprawled out forms that once were men. . . . He saw it all. . . . He was in the midst. . . . He was leading a charge. . . . He was dragging back the wounded. . . . He was dodging, running, cursing, praying, cheering . . . .

A half hour, perhaps, it lasted. . . . In that half hour he lived through the war that had been and the war that was to be. . . . His body



was covered with sweat. . . . His whole head ached, and a feeling of nausea added to the constriction in his lungs. . . . The horrible vision passed, and he looked up at the stars. . . . They at least were calm while the world was mad — mad! Then the voice of the doctor seemed to be speaking to him and saying in a matter-of-fact tone:

"You have three months to live. Perhaps only two."

He arose from the bench and walked slowly to his home. He seemed not to hear the cries that still resounded about him. . . . His war was over — there would be no more wars where he was going. . . . He undressed and went to bed. . . . In a few moments he was asleep.

### FORMULA FOR A RELIGION

The *Denver Register* tells of a prominent business man, who recently conceived the idea of advocating a new and universal religion to the world. In quest of assistance he wrote to a prominent Monsignor of Denver as follows:

*Dear Father:*

*For your information I am writing a book advocating a Universal Church and setting forth the history of Catholicism as I understand it.*

*You will no doubt laugh when you hear that I am attempting to write a religious book and I realize my deficiencies. Hence, I am appealing to you to give me your opinion from your great store of knowledge as to what position your Church would take in establishing a Universal Church. Of course, this would be only your personal opinion.*

*With highest personal regards and greatest respect, I am,*

*Very truly yours, . . .*

*P. S. I am writing to a number of eminent men of different denominations, throughout the country, for their opinion along the same line.*

In answer to this letter, the Monsignor wrote as follows:

*My Dear Mr. —*

*You flatter me in thinking that I could assist you from my poor intelligence in your contemplated work.*

*I can, however, give you one suggestion: You might have yourself crucified until death and on the third day after rise from the dead. That should help.*

*Very truly yours, . . .*

## Romance Among the Saints

### THE HUMAN LOVE OF ST. FRANCES OF ROME

A. T. ZELLER C.Ss.R.

There is a view, fostered mainly by novelists and scenario writers, and by them dinned into the mind of youth today, that love is something unique in kind, which can come upon a man once in a lifetime and that with only one particular person,—and which, when thus conceived, is fatalistic, necessary, and bound up with one's whole personality. And every experience of love which has not these characteristics is not the genuine passion, but only a fleeting counterfeit.

According to this view, God (if they believe in God) has not only created humanity male and female, but has created men and women in pairs predestined for union with each other. Thus for every masculine soul in the universe there exists a corresponding feminine soul, which by its nature is the exact counterpart or complement of the other. In each of the pair there is implanted an indefinite aspiration and yearning for an ideal partner, who will be recognized as such on the very first meeting.

From such a fatalistic theory it follows that the only perfectly happy marriages are those made between "twin souls",—to use a novelist's phrase. Theories like this are responsible for much nonsense in love,—for much unhappiness in married life,—for much infidelity to marriage vows. Such views are harmful,—for they cut at the root of all sound ethics, cancel the supremacy of reason and free will, and repudiate the obligation of man's self-mastery in every act.

No analysis of the passion felt before marriage can afford much of a criterion for judging whether a given union will be happy or not. The issue depends mainly on totally different and far more measurable conditions: conditions of temperament, of character, of viewpoint, of high resolve; conditions that are subject to mastery.

Nor is the suddenness of passion a criterion of its truth and strength. Normally the awakening of love is gradual; it grows or dies according as it is fostered or discouraged. In fact, love naturally tends to subside by itself unless it is deliberately cultivated by the will and kept alive by all the artifices that make affection grow and by the unfolding of a character that can more and more enlist the higher and stabler ele-

ments of love. It is a work of sublime art, within man's resolve and power, to create such love as will make

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

Such reflections are suggested by the romance of Francesca Bussa, the wife of Lorenzo Ponziano, known in our calendars as Saint Frances of Rome.

#### A MISSED VOCATION?

"Francesca was born to be a nun!"

Anyone would have said it, had he watched the development of Francesca from her birth (1384) to her twelfth year. The education her mother gave her by word and example, the dispositions she manifested, the life she led in girlhood, made her from her youngest years, practically a nun in the world.

Her mother avowed that "when she held her little babe in her arms or hushed her to sleep, she always had an involuntary feeling of reverence for her little daughter; it was as if an angel of God, not an earthly child, had been lent her."

It was but natural then that the first words that she would teach her child should be the sacred names of Jesus and Mary; that she would have her lisp the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin with her. The piety of the mother impressed the child from the very beginning, so that at the age of three, one would already find her of her own accord retiring into a silent corner of her father's palace, kneeling with folded hands in devout prayer, or repeating hymns to the Blessed Virgin.

As soon as she could read, she began an unwearied study of the lives of holy women, especially of the virgin martyrs who had shed their blood for love of Christ. She seemed to have an instinctive appreciation for holiness and even in that tender age adopted the practices of saints, — such as self-denial in food, deep reserve and modesty, and silence. Her mother took the child with her on her daily visits to the churches of Rome, — sometimes some church in the heart of the city, sometimes some lonely shrine outside the city walls.

What contributed most perhaps to her advance in holiness of life was that even as early as the age of nine, she was entrusted by her mother to the spiritual direction of a good and wise priest, Don Antonio di Monte Savello. It was here that Frances learnt the supreme law of all holiness: entire conformity with God's Will. This was the secret

of that remarkable self-mastery and equanimity that all admired so much in her, — that accompanied her through all the phases of her life: through wealth and loss, suffering and joy, disappointment and tardy reward, even through the severest trial of shattered ideals.

Her girlhood days read almost like days from the convent; every action performed for the love of God; daily meditation on the Passion of Our Lord; daily devotions to the Blessed Virgin; hours of silence; daily austerities; daily attention, with diligence and a pure intention to her studies and home duties; weekly confession and Communion as frequently as it was possible in those days. Her spare time was given to the poor and sick, so that, — “Francesca’s name and Francesca’s sweet voice and Francesca’s fair face, were even then to many sufferers a sign of hope, a pledge that God was still amongst them as of yore and His spirit at work in the hearts of men.”

Every Wednesday she went religiously to confession to her spiritual director. Him she consulted about everything; his directions she obeyed exactly even in things indifferent. His voice was the voice of God for her.

“Francesca was born to be a nun!”

And Francesca, with all her heart longed to be one; she had wanted it ever since she understood the meaning of the word. But with her usual reserve and modesty she kept her desires secret. She was still only a child, — there was time enough to speak of it later. Her director encouraged her in her silence, merely advising her to prove the sincerity of her resolve by secretly following the rules of one of the strictest religious orders. This she did, — she was glad to do it, — and in the doing her desire grew the more.

Suddenly, as by a bolt from the blue, her dream was shattered. Her father had begun to notice the peculiarities of her mode of life.

“Francesca,” he said one day, “what does this mean, — your solitude and retirement, your constant prayer?”

“I am going to the convent,” answered the girl, — now almost twelve years old, — “and I am preparing myself for it.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed her father impatiently. “That is just a childish fancy. Put it out of your mind!”

“I cannot,” said Francesca simply; “it is the one desire of my heart.”

“Put it out of your mind, I say,” replied the father, now angry. “You

are not going to be a nun,—in fact, you are going to be married; I have already promised you to Lorenzo Ponziano.”

Francesca stood speechless. Promised! No, she could never do it. The tears started to her eyes. She fell on her knees before her father.

“Please, I beg you,” she pleaded, “do not force me into this. My heart longs for the convent,—it is God’s will that I go.”

“You shall not go!” said her father sternly. “You shall do as I say. Lorenzo is a young nobleman of illustrious house, not less eminent for virtue than for fortune and position. This is my will.”

“I cannot. . . . I am already pledged to Christ,” pleaded Francesca.

“I am your father,” said Paul Bussa unmoved. “I command it; you must obey.”

Seeing him so relentless, the girl arose, withdrew in silence and locked herself in her little oratory. There she prayed, while hot tears flowed as if her heart would break; but she could see no light. She hastened to her spiritual father and poured out her pitiful story to him. He promised to consult God in prayer and suggested some prayers for that purpose to the girl. As he spoke, he saw that she had grown calmer and he set about preparing her for what he must have guessed was the strange vocation God had given her.

“Francesca,” he said, “if your parents persist in their resolution, take it as a sign that God requests of you this sacrifice. Offer to Him in that case your earnest desire for the religious life. He will accept the will for the deed; and you will obtain at once the reward of that wish and the spiritual graces attached to the Sacrament of marriage . . . God’s ways are not our ways, Francesca.” The girl’s tears flowed anew.

“Why do you weep, Francesca?” went on the holy man. “Because God’s will is not accomplished, or because your own is thwarted? Nothing but sin can mar the first,—and in this your trial there is not the least shadow of sin. As to your own will,—bend, break, annihilate it, my child, and take courage. Have but one thought: the good pleasure, the sweet will of God; submit yourself to His providence . . . and if you cannot be His spouse, be His loving and faithful servant.”

Francesca went home and waited in silence her father’s further commands. She was very pale, for the struggle was a painful one. But she had been too long in the school of the Divine Will to want to

rebel. At last her father came. He expected tears and resistance; he spoke decisively.

"Yes, father," said Francesca quietly. I shall do as you say. I am sorry for having resisted your will so long; now I know that it is God's will also."

True the struggle went on within; so high an ideal, so fair a dream as hers, cannot be laid aside in a day. Others congratulated her; the Ponziano family was overjoyed at the news; Francesca's heart ached and it cost her much to put on a happy mien. But she had schooled herself. If this be God's will, heart and soul must go into the doing of it. Her heart was burning with love of God; it overflowed with charity for every creature of his; now she must take into it the human love of Lorenzo. These were not contraries; God wanted her to love her husband for His sake and in Him; she must learn to do it. She became the bride of Lorenzo Ponziano at the age of twelve.

Thus her life so far, that had developed every virtue in her character, proved to be the preparation for her marriage; and both prepared her for her final vocation; she was not only to enter the convent, but even to be the foundress of a sisterhood before she died.

#### THE WIFE OF LORENZO PONZIANO

A trinity of human loves was now intertwined with her ardent love of God; her love for her husband, her love for her children, and her love for her friend, the loyal Vannozza, wife of Lorenzo's elder brother. High resolve and the grace of God turned what humanly speaking looked like a bad situation into something wonderfully beautiful; a most understanding, tender and loyal union that lasted for forty years.

Love's dearest bond is this:

Not like to like, but like in difference.

Yet in the long years, liker they must grow;

The man be more of woman, she more of man;

He gain in sweetness and in moral height,

Nor lose the wrestling powers that throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,

Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind —

Till at the last she set herself to man

Like perfect music unto perfect words." (Tennyson)

The wedding day came. Francesca was received tenderly and joyfully by Lorenzo himself, by his father Andrew, his mother Cecilia and

Vannoza, a woman after Francesca's heart, who was to be her lifelong friend. Francesca was singularly blest in having this friend from the start. For though she smiled sweetly upon all as she returned their caresses, the din of a ten day Italian wedding feast grated on her heart, torn thus all too suddenly from accustomed solitude and prayer. Francesca was too loyal to complain; but Vannoza read her secret. She let her see that hers was a kindred soul.

"If such are your feelings, beloved little sister," said Vannoza, who was somewhat older, "my sympathy may serve to console you. For neither do I find any delight in the vanities of the world, but only in prayer and meditation. Let us be friends, Francesca; I will help you to lead the life you desire, and together we shall arrive at the end we have in view." This assurance brought joy to the heart of Francesca.

The festivities over, every-day life began for Francesca in her new home. She lived now in the ancestral palace of the Poliziani,—one of the wealthiest families in Rome at the time. It was a large household; Lorenzo's parents, Andrew and Cecilia; Lorenzo's brother and his wife, Vannoza; Lorenzo and Francesca; and a retinue of servants. Francesca's life is thus briefly characterized by her biographer:

"In her new home Francesca followed in the main the same mode of life she had pursued in her father's house; but her piety was tempered with so much wisdom and prudence that she offended no one and continued to win the affection of all her relations. Her good sense, her sweetness of temper, her earnest piety charmed all; and they were astonished that so young a girl could at once assume the part and fulfil the duties of a devoted wife and a noble matron.

"Anxious to conform herself to Lorenzo's wishes, she received the visits of highborn ladies, her equals and companions, and returned them with punctuality. She submitted with sweet simplicity to appear in public with all the state that belonged to her position, and accepted and wore the costly dresses and splendid jewels which her husband lavished upon her. But under those gorgeous silks and rich brocades a hair-shirt was concealed. (And it was this that made her able to do the things that naturally irked her, with a smile.) She was always ready to comply with any observance which duty or propriety required of her."

St. Elizabeth, the saintly Thuringian princess whose character differed so much from St. Frances', used to assist at the amusements of the court, join one dance, and then say: "So I have given one turn for



the world; now I shall sacrifice the rest for God." Frances, whose life had been so much more retired and altogether set upon the convent, could not bring herself to dance at all. She was content to grace the occasion for a while with her smiling presence and then departed.

Of course worldly people were at hand to censure such conduct in this young girl who had won the richest husband in Rome. Many began to laugh at Francesca and turn her piety to ridicule. They even tried to goad Lorenzo on to put a stop to what they called his wife's eccentricities.

But happily for Francesca, Lorenzo was not so easily influenced by the opinions of others. He cared not for their comment and criticism. His young wife was far too precious to him, much too perfect in his sight for him to dream of interfering. She was the joy and happiness of his home,— what could he ask more? In fact, "she was the joy of every heart, the sweet consoler of every sorrow in that large household, the link that bound them all by the sacred bond of love. Day by day her influence,— her tender silent, gentle influence,— was felt subduing, winning, drawing them all to God."

Not that difficulties and trials were wanting in her life; far from it. Sickness and death of loved ones; hair-breadth escapes from danger; revolutions and their attendant fears; wars and the exile of her husband; the destruction of their home; pestilence and poverty; all entered into it. We cannot help marveling at the strong, practical character of this woman, who educated like a contemplative, with the grace of God made herself a model wife and mother.

(To be concluded.)

### FORGIVENESS

While visiting his Excellency, Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, writes R. L. Martin in the *Commonweal*, in his refuge at the College of the Incarnate Word near San Antonio, Texas, I noticed a photograph set in a prominent place on his writing desk.

"Would you mind telling me," I asked, "whose portrait this is? It seems to me I recognize the face, and yet I cannot quite believe I am right."

"Yes," answered the archbishop, smiling gently, "it is a picture of General Calles. I keep him there in order that I may be reminded to commend his soul to God each day."



## **Etchings From Life**

### **WHERE GREED IS THE WHIP**

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

The squad car cruised slowly up and down Tenth Street and surroundings, parking now and then for a few moments at the curb. The three officers within chatted amiably. Business was dull. The radio blared away at intervals, but always with a message for some other district. It was forenoon of a Saturday, and the streets were beginning to be quite crowded.

Suddenly the youngest of the three officers made a muffled exclamation. The car had just turned a corner and driven on slowly. It had passed a man, shabbily dressed, standing on the curb, now and then looking over the stream of people passing on the sidewalk.

"That man is wanted," said the young officer, when they were surely out of earshot. "I saw his picture in the gallery this morning. I don't think he saw us. Circle the block and slide up to him, if he is still there, and we'll nab him."

The driver grunted and drove around. The man was still there when they returned. The car slid noiselessly to the curb beside him and one of the officers stepped out and laid a hand on his arm.

"Come along, buddy," he said. "We like your face."

The man held back. "G'wan, you got nothing on me. I'm clean, see . . . ." Then: "Oh, well," and he stepped into the rear of the car with the youngest officer.

They drove along, more swiftly now. Suddenly the man who had been picked up smiled at his companions and said:

"Well?"

"Well?" said one of the senior officers in the car.

"I had a good morning," replied the prisoner. "How much will it take?"

"A pickpocket, eh?" answered the same officer. "Then it will take plenty."

The car slowed down. The man reached somewhere in his shabby clothes and drew forth a huge roll of bills, some of them of large denomination. He peeled off fifty dollars and handed them to the first officer. He peeled off fifty more and handed them over the shoulder of the driver. He peeled off fifty more —

"Stop," said the junior officer. "I'm not in on this." He wanted to say more but bit his lip and looked out the window of the car.

The two officers in the front seat looked back sharply. The pick-pocket hesitated, then reached forward with the third handful of bills. "Here," he said, "you two can split this, if you take care of the youngster here. Don't let him get dangerous."

In silence the money was taken. The car slowed down to a stop. The two officers in front looked straight ahead as the man stepped out. "S'long," he said. "Good luck to you."

The car resumed its cruising.

"It takes a lot to support a family nowadays," said one of the officers.

"Some people can't even hold down a job," said the other, with a significant glance over his shoulder at the man who had been "marked" as dangerous.

The young officer was silent.

\* \* \*

"Do I understand you to say that you will not accommodate us?" asked the well-dressed man. The physician turned sideways from his desk and looked the man squarely in the eye. He spoke quietly, but there was smouldering fire in his own eyes.

"I am not a murderer."

"Oh, you don't need to be so piously high-hat. You know that I can pay you well. There aren't many men who can't use a thousand dollars nowadays. Especially in your profession."

The doctor fidgeted in his chair. He was finding it hard to control himself.

"Please," he said, "leave my office. It is bad enough to be suspected of the kind of barnyard morals your request is based upon. It is still worse to be thought subject to bribery. Get out!"

The man arose.

"All right," he said. "But remember this. My wife and I have influence. If you refuse to do this little favor for her, we can hurt you. The great Doctor Smith will find himself losing a lot of his lucrative patients. Come, come, man! Be sensible. Only a simple little operation —"

"Get out!" roared Doctor Smith . . . . The man left . . . .

Dr. Jones' office was a block down the street. He was not so well

known as Dr. Smith, nor as efficient. The well-dressed man sat across from him at a table in his office.

"You say," said Dr. Jones, "one thousand dollars?"

"One thousand dollars."

"This is a dangerous business," said the physician, though his eyes were green with greed. "I must see the money."

"Here is five hundred dollars," said the man, reaching into his pocket. "The rest when the job is done."

The doctor reached out a long bony hand for the money. He smiled as his fingers closed around it.

"I'll do it," he said, "as a favor to you and your wife. I wouldn't do it for anyone else, you understand. It is considered quite unethical. Some people call it—murder." He winced. "It is against the law . . . But for you, as an act of kindness and friendship, I'll do it." Unconsciously he patted his breast where \$500 lay in his pocket . . .

\* \* \*

"Young man," said the president of Acme Dry Goods, Inc., "we want that contract with the New York High Grade Clothing Mfg. Co. I'm sending you to get it. Use every trick in your bag to bring it home, y' understand? If you can't get it by straight bidding or by bribery, get it by underbidding every other offer. We've got to have that contract."

"Do you mean, sir," said the young man, "that even if I have to bid lower than our own cost price of the goods, I am to do so?"

"If necessary, yes. Only as a final resort, y' understand. But if necessary, yes."

"May I ask, how that will profit us, if we need this business to tide us over a bad spot, when we shall lose a great deal of money in such a deal?"

"Don't be an innocent. You get the contract. I'll take care of the profit. There are tricks in every trade, ya know. We won't lose."

"I see," said the youthful salesman. "If I contract in the name of the firm, say, for a certain high grade of cloth that we can't get at the price, you'll substitute a lower grade imitation, or use short measuring, or something of the kind?"

"That's business. You're catching on. You'll make the grade. Now go and do your stuff. There'll be a raise in it for you if you succeed."

"I'm sorry, sir. Under those conditions, I'm afraid I couldn't take part in the transaction."

"What! Why, this is business. You can't have scruples in a thing like this. You gotta play the game as it's played, see. Else you lose out. Forget it and get to work."

"It's out of the question, sir. I'm sorry. Unless you will allow me to play the game square . . . I'll work my head off for you, but always this side of dishonesty. That's final."

"Say, what's all this pious twaddle about? I said we want that contract, and we gotta get it, straight or crooked. D'ya get me? And if you're not willing to sacrifice your scruples for the firm, then the firm don't need you, see? There's plenty of men that'll step into your shoes, and be loyal. Loyalty—that's what we need. One for all and all for one . . . And you're fired. We don't want disloyal employees on this pay-roll. Run along."

And the great executive of Acme Dry Goods, Inc., waved the young man out of his office and out of his business, and rang furiously for a salesman who would be loyal . . .

### LOURDES' PRAYER

The following fervent prayer is recited for and by the sick during services at Lourdes, where so many miracles are wrought:

Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us!

Lord, help us! We perish!

O God, come to our aid! Lord, hasten to help us.

Lord, If Thou wilt Thou canst make me whole. Speak, O Lord, but one single word and I shall be healed!

Lord, he whom Thou lovest is ill!

Lord, make me walk!

Lord, make me see!

Lord, make me hear!

Hosanna, Hosanna, to the Son of David! Blessed be He Who cometh in the name of the Lord! Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God! Thou art the Resurrection and the Life! Thou art my Lord and my God!

Lord, we believe, but pray increase our faith!

Lamb of God, Jesus Our Lord, have mercy on us!

O Jesus, hear us, hear us! Have mercy on us, have mercy on us!

## Gathered at Dawn

### SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

#### XLIV

When in 1838 the French Government established an episcopal See in Algeria, Northern Africa, the outlook was somewhat discouraging. Msgr. Dupuch, the first bishop, could boast of only five priests, one

Many nationalities have been represented in the series of stories about children who died in innocence. This is the first, however, of an Arab child.

mosque converted into a church, and twelve wretched chapels; his territory was about as big as France and contained 25,000 Europeans, 60,000 soldiers, 4,000,000 natives. Efforts to

convert these natives were in great part hindered by the government; for it pretended such efforts would hurt the Moslem feeling, till in 1867 the third bishop of Algiers came to Africa — Archbishop Lavigerie. Almost immediately his courage was put to a supreme test for in 1867 Algeria was visited by a series of unparalleled disasters. An epidemic of cholera swept away over 60,000 Arabs in an almost unbelievably short time; swarms of locusts reduced fields and foliage to barrenness so that even the bark of trees was stripped off; this was followed by a drought that lasted all summer, which made Algeria look like a desert; in November, rain came at last, but in such a torrent that it flooded the fields and washed away the soil; and then came the snow which fell so heavily that it buried some villages completely.

The subject of the present sketch knew nothing of these terrible conditions, but the influence that brought her to Christ was directly formed in these terrible days — and thus belongs to the life-story of a little Arab maid.

#### MEURDJANA — 1910-1922

During the famine and cholera days of 1868, a famished Arab lad was stumbling along one of the dusty white roads of Algeria. He had sought the highway in the hope of finding something to keep him from starvation, and was startled to hear the sound of approaching horsemen. He held out his hand pleadingly to them as they were about to pass, and one, a French officer, reached down and lifted the perishing lad on to his own horse. After a long ride, they came at last to the town of Algiers. The officer took the boy to the "Great Marabout of the Christians,"

which happened to be no other than Msgr. Lavigerie. "Marabout" is an Arab term for those Mussulmen noted for their piety, who have on that account great influence over their brethren. They therefore used the term to designate the Christian missionaries and Sisters. Msgr. Lavigerie received the poor lad kindly and gave him over to a White Sister, a "marabouta," who led the starving boy into a large hall. There an astonishing sight met his eyes: it was dinner time, and he saw groups of famished Arab boys shouting and reaching for food as it was served to them. These were the orphans of the famine, — the protégés of the great Archbishop. They had streamed in upon him from all sides; he refused none, even though at one time he had as many as 1,750 to provide for. How he and the good Sisters managed to do it, no one knows, save God. The Archbishop's latest arrival fell to, and from that day he was assured of his daily sustenance. The name of this boy was Kader.

He learned to work and to do farming, first at Ben-Aknoun and then at Maison-Carrée. The kindness of the "Marabouts rounis" (Christian missionaries) finally had its effect, and Kader asked one of the White Fathers to receive him as a Christian. The Father smiled encouragingly, but that was all. Moslem neophytes must be well tested. But the lad insisted, and soon his petition was granted. Kader became a "rounis" and they called him James.

James worked faithfully on the farms of the missions for some time longer, and made the acquaintance of an Arab girl, an orphan in charge of the White Sisters. Time saw them united in marriage by Msgr. Lavigerie himself and they settled on the plain of Cheliff, where they were given a farm and where they were blessed with a large family.

#### AN ARAB MAIDEN

Kader had a brother named Djelloul. This brother was a confirmed Mussulman and detested Kader for his apostacy. He married an Arab woman named Fatma and settled near the desert where he provided for his family by following the life of a soldier. The first child was a boy whom they named Mohammed, who was followed three years later by a girl, whom they called Meurdjana, "Grain of Coral." They would much have preferred to have another boy, but all like or dislike was done away with by the Moslem formula:

"God is the Master . . . Mektoub (it is written)."

Life for Meurdjana was the same as for any other Arab child. She

was cared for by her mother and by her grandmother, Zineb, and developed to be an easy-going, lounging, playful little Arab as did the others. When three years old, the household welcomed another little girl, whom they called Safia, who later became the inseparable companion of Meurdjana. The parents of our little Arab did not seem to belong to the fanatic element of the Moslem persuasion although as with every Arab, they disdained the Christian and early learned the Moslem formula of belief:

"There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet!"

She knew enough to be quiet when mother or grandmother prayed, to reverence the amulet that hung from her little throat, to approach the old marabout reverently when he was brought in to pray over a sick child. More than this she was not taught, but with this little she had learned to resent being called a Christian. If it happened that someone would call her a "roumia" her little black eyes would fill with anger:

"No, I am not a roumia," she would cry, "I am Mussulman!"

Quite naturally, if one were to ask the child what her ambitions were, they would have been those of any normal Arab girl—to be veiled, and then shut up in the house of her parents, later married and to have children. And that would be all. That she would become a Christian was very unlikely, since the nearest Christian contact was forty miles to the East, and seventy miles to the North, while on the West and the South stretched the Great Sahara.

She played in the streets with the other Arab children. She developed the same habit of doing nothing but playing, or squatting by the fire when the air became cool. Her sole duty was to perform some few little tasks, such as to see that the "kolla" was always filled with water for the use of the family, and to see that flour was in the "guessa," the large flat platter of wood in which the Arab women prepared the "couscous." Thus Meurdjana grew in form and years till the outbreak of the World War.

#### CHRISTIAN CONTACTS

With the entrance of France into the World War, orders came to Algeria that the colonial troops should set sail for the mainland. The announcement meant that Djelloul would have to leave his family within a few days, and perhaps forever. The fact that he would perhaps never return caused no very great concern to the Mussulman, for he caught his equilibrium once more by the stern formula:

"God is most wise! Who can know the future, if it be not God, the Master of the world?"

But his anxiety had to do with that to which a Mussulman was passionately devoted: his family. What would happen to them? His father was dead and so were his uncles; he had but one brother — but that brother was a Christian! And Djelloul hated all Christians. For two days he fought with the problem, until one morning he announced his decision to Fatma and Zineb:

"Mektoub! God is the Master and we must do His will! Kader will take my place, and perhaps some day become the real head of my dear family!"

Both women were very much surprised, but submitted immediately. That very day, Djelloul bade farewell to his family, and set out for the sea, meaning to see enroute if Kader would accept his offer. He knew the Christians' law of charity, he knew of their devotion, and felt sure his family would not suffer in his absence. The following evening, he rode up to the door of his brother's dwelling. The offer was accepted, and two days later the tricolor of the colonial transport faded over the Mediterranean horizon.

Two years passed. At first, letters came at greater or shorter intervals, but soon they became rare and then ceased altogether. James made inquiries and found out that the batallion to which his brother belonged had been through one of the most terrible onslaughts of the War; it had been almost entirely wiped out. He tried to get further information but all he could get, confirmed him in his belief that his brother was now buried in some unknown grave in France. In fact, he later found out that while he had not been killed in action, he had been so badly wounded that he died shortly after in the hospital.

During this time, Mohammed had grown to be ten years old and had become something of the master of the house. Meurdjana, now seven, had grown tall but rather thin, with the regular features and black eyes of her father. Carefree as all the others, she lacked all culture and ideal. For such little folk the War meant nothing, and they looked forward to the day when father would again return. It now devolved upon James to break the sad news to his brother's household, and to open his doors to the widow and her three children. He arrived at the little town of his birth, and rapped at the familiar door, and soon the house and the neighborhood were filled with the heartbreaking wails of his sister-in-law and mother:



"Djelloul mat! Djelloul mat!" (Djelloul is dead!)

The children little realized what it meant, but they knew that father would not return and that Kader was now the head of the household. Soon the three children and the two women were off to the plains of Cheliff, where they were welcomed with true hospitality to the first Christian home they had ever seen. Meurdjana had made her first Christian contact!

#### THE ORPHANAGE

For several days the children were allowed to amuse themselves as they wished, but meanwhile James thought very seriously about the disposition of the three orphans. He was responsible for them and would see to it that they were educated as Christians. He knew that to be impossible in his own house, for he was busy in the fields and the example of the two Mussulman women, whom he was sure he could not dissuade from their superstitious practices, would make such an education impossible. He therefore went off to the White Fathers of the village and asked advice. The question was carefully considered and finally it was agreed that Mohammed should be sent to the orphanage of the White Fathers at Thibar in Tunisia, while the two little girls should be sent to the orphanage of St. Charles in charge of the White Sisters at Birmandreis. Fortune favored them in the last arrangement, for in a few days two White Sisters were leaving the hospital of St. Elizabeth enroute for St. Charles and would take the children with them.

The announcement of the plan was accepted in silent grief by Fatma — it meant separation from her children. She made no opposition, for "it is the will of God . . . He is Master!" The next day, James took the two girls down to the hospital, where they were welcomed by the Sisters. He then kissed each upon the forehead and left the children there for the day. That evening, the two Sisters took them by train to St. Charles.

It was night when they arrived and they were tucked in bed in the large dormitory. The next morning brought strange experiences to these little Arabs. Their little companions were very kind and thoughtful, everything was clean and inviting, yet they were always looking at the doors. This trait of the Arab to run away and be once more in his wild freedom was always respected by Archbishop Lavigerie and his Fathers and Sisters — the doors were always open; no Arab was kept

by force. And the annals of their work tell us that very few ran away from the homes and orphanages. The impression which Meurdjana and Safia made upon the Sisters is recorded in the books of the orphanage:

"Two children have been confided to us by their uncle who wishes them to be made Christians; the elder, still longing for her family hut and her liberty, eyes every door to save herself so that we have to keep her away from them."

We might easily imagine what it must have been to this wild little Arab; but fifteen days before, she had been running about the streets of her native town, free, untrammelled, doing as she pleased; now she had to submit to order, which, although full of concessions to Arab nature, seemed to her almost insupportable; the little occupations that the orphans were trained to do almost made her bitter, and she lapsed for a while into a stubborn silence. But soon things changed; she became used to it. She joined in their play, and learned to be gay, and the Sisters who had begun to fear for their defiant new arrival, were happy to see how quickly the little girl became acclimatized. She learned how to handle a needle, how to speak and write French; they had their days at helping to prune the vineyards and to pick the grapes; they took their daily recreations and the yearly pilgrimage to the Basilica of Our Lady of Africa.

She loved to sing, and the church chants had a remarkable attraction for her. She liked to hear the Sisters pray with the children in the chapel, and would try to understand what the great marabout with the big beard was saying when he taught the children catechism. Meurdjana, not knowing much French, had a hard time with it, but never slackened her attention. And with it all, the two newcomers gathered in stray bits of truth here and there, and it made them curious to know more. Soon they knew the principal truths, and astonished those in charge when they asked for baptism. Of course, they could receive baptism; but they would have to wait a while longer, for one must make a solid preparation for that rite. In fact, they waited two years. But they kept on with their catechism, and made it plain, that they wanted to be given the name of Mary in baptism for "you know, that was the name of the Blessed Virgin."

James was very happy to hear now and then of the progress of his nieces. But in the year 1918 he was laid low with the influenza. They

took him to St. Elizabeth's, where he prepared himself for death. One thought, however, caused him great anxiety. The care of his little nieces would devolve upon the brother of Fatma, whom he knew to be a Mussulman. For days on end he lay there thinking of the possibility of the two girls being lost to the Faith. One day he called two witnesses to his bedside, and dictated a document to one of the Sisters, in which he confided the care of the two girls until their majority to the orphanage of St. Charles. Shortly after that, in October, James went to God. His death affected both girls deeply for they had grown to love their uncle dearly, and the agreement whereby they were made the proteges of the orphanage pleased them very much. Two months later they were granted an eight day visit to their mother. Fatma was delighted to see them; she had asked for the favor because she was then in failing health. Both her children had grown and developed, especially Safia; both were able to read and to write and to talk French — something in which this poor Mussulman mother took great pride. The eight days passed quickly, and this time their parting was forever.

#### FAILING HEALTH

At this time, the Sisters noticed that Meurdjana had become much more quiet. She was indeed obedient, well behaved, satisfactory in all things, but she seemed to take little part if any in the games. Before, she could run and jump with the best of them; she had all the freedom and joy of the open spaces. But now she would sit down and watch the others.

"Have you any pain?" the Sisters inquired.

"No," she answered quietly. "There is nothing that pains me." They called in the doctor and he diagnosed it to be merely due to her growing condition. But she continued to fail; her once bright self seemed to fade, although she was as kind and smiling as ever. Finally the disease manifested itself — it was some affection of the spine. She soon was unable to go with the others as they went for their little excursions; often a spasm of pain would contort the thin little face for a moment. They suspected it to be Pott's disease and soon their fears were verified. They decided to send her to St. Elizabeth's, where she could get the best care — but it was already too late. So one beautiful day in January, Safia and Meurdjana kissed each other farewell. They had planned so much to receive baptism together but this too must not be. They understood, and said nothing.

At this same time Fatma died, but neither of the two children had as yet been told. Meurdjana was told on the train to Attaff. The Sister with her tried to break the news gently, but the child was almost inconsolable. To die — God's will be done; but to die a Mussulman!

The cry of the child was piteous:

"Mamma will not go to heaven because she was not baptized; I will never see her again!"

Sister Blanche tried to console the child suggesting that God is always good, and that He could have illuminated the mind of her mother in that last moment. The child brightened up somewhat, but the dreaded truth always recurred: her mother, despite all the Christian influence of her uncle's home, had died as she had lived, a Mussulman.

#### SAINT ELIZABETH'S

The child adjusted herself quickly to her new surroundings in St. Elizabeth's hospital at Taffa. She was visited very often by one of the White Fathers, to whom she frequently made her petition for baptism. One day he thought he would test her knowledge.

"Tell me, child," he said, "why do you wish to be baptized?"

"To become a child of God and of the Church," was the quick reply.

"But supposing you are not baptized and the good God comes to take you, where will you go? Think carefully!"

"Even then I will go to heaven, because I would tell God that I am sorry for all my sins and that I want so badly to be baptized."

"And do you think that would be enough?"

"Yes, Father."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I am sure."

The little Arab girl had made the truth her own. At another time he asked her another series of questions:

"Who is in the large Host that we elevate in the Mass?"

"Jesus is there."

"And in all those little ones that we give out at the railing?"

"Jesus is in them, too."

"And who is Jesus?"

"He is God."

"God the Father? or the Holy Ghost?"

"No, no, God the Son."

"You say that Jesus is God and that He is in the Host with Body and Blood. But God has no body, He is a spirit."

"Oh yes, Jesus is the Son of God with a body; he is the child of the Virgin." And so the questioning went on. Try as He would he could not confuse the child; she had a remarkable knowledge of divine things. This finally convinced him that the ceremony should be delayed no longer. He wrote to St. Charles to find out when they intended to baptize Safia. They answered that she was to be baptized on the 25th of March, and on that day Meurdjana would also be baptized. The child was beside herself with joy — to be baptized and on a feast of Lalla Meriam (The Virgin Mary)!

#### CHRIST'S AT LAST!

The day dawned — the great day for Safia and Meurdjana. The chapel was beautifully decked with flowers, and all the sick who could, came to celebrate the event with their little compatriot. They dressed her in white, and placed her in one of the little carts for the sick. At the door the priest stopped her, and put the ritual questions:

"Marie Monica, what dost thou ask of the Church of God?"

"Faith," came the clear little voice.

"What doth faith bring thee to?"

"Life everlasting."

She answered all the responses with a fervor and emotion that moved all those who heard them. The ceremony was soon over, and all the inmates surrounded her with joy and gladness for her new found privilege. The ceremony was followed by that of her First Communion, and the entire day was devoted to thanksgiving. Over and over again she was heard to repeat to herself:

"I am a Christian! I am no more a Mussulman!"

The two succeeding years — years of pain and sleeplessness — were lit up by the light that came into her life on this blessed day of the 25th of March.

Her malady made relentless progress and soon she was but a thin, spare child. Her features were deeply furrowed by pain, but her eyes shone bright and joyous, and her smile was ever present. But a child of ten, she almost unconsciously regulated her days into periods of prayer and sewing and reading. She got about in her little wheelchair and visited the large ward of St. Gabriel where the women had their quarters. Very often also she attended Mass and received Communion,

and her days, although rich in suffering, seemed filled with peace. She seemed literally to be gliding towards the arms of God.

#### TWO YEARS AFTER

On the 25th of March, 1922, the child sank so low that all thought it but a matter of a short time until her death. They brought her Viaticum and administered Extreme Unction. All day she lay there motionless, save for her little black eyes. Satan made a great effort to recapture this little soul.

"Leave me alone, devil," she said. "Go, you evil one; I do not belong to you, I am God's." And then speaking to Sister Blanche she said: "O how wicked the devil is! He wanted to make me lose myself. . . . He came and said that the good God was unable to pardon me. But, He has pardoned me; His Heart loves me; He died for me and I suffer for Him!"

The child prayed constantly, and after a while she turned radiantly to Sister Blanche and said:

"The demon has gone!"

But the crisis passed, and for two more months the child lay dying. The little body was reduced to a mere skeleton, but no complaint ever passed her lips; she smiled constantly and seemed perfectly peaceful. She seemed to have no desires, she was waiting to go to heaven! At times they took her to the chapel or along the gallery into the bright African sun once more. One consolation was yet to be granted her; the bishop came that way on his confirmation tour and the child was confirmed.

May came and went and June fourth at last arrived — it was the day on which Marie Monica went to God. The Sister came to her bed that morning and stood there looking down at the motionless little figure that suffered with marvellous patience. She seemed this day to be on the very fringe of life. Her eyes were fixed upon the door; she seemed to see something that lit up her emaciated face with joy. It lasted but a short time and then was gone. A sinking spell came, and they gathered around the little white bed, and began the prayers for the dying. The agony commenced, the bright eyes slowly lost their lustre, heaven spread itself upon the pain-tinged features of the child, as a little Arab went to God.

They laid her to rest in the little cemetery, where the desert winds that used to tousle her hair, now play among the flowers that devotion

has placed upon the little grave. The little Orphans of St. Charles revere her as a bright memory of one of their own, while the wards of St. Elizabeth's seem ever so much brighter and holier because she has passed among through them. Not so far from her own last resting place sleep the blessed remains of another saintly child, Jean Fournier, of whom we wrote elsewhere in this series (October, 1933). May these, the French lad and the Arab maiden, be the advance-guard of Christ's Little Legion, the offspring of the Master's Gift of Love!

(The above facts are taken from one of the French *Parvuli* series, a graceful biography written for French children by one of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (the White Sisters), Sister Marie Guenole. The series is published by Lethielleux, Paris.)

## The Universal Father

All who take part with the Apostle, are on the winning side. He has long since given warrants for the confidence which he claims. From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and according to the need of the day, and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain.

He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and, in spite of the persecutor, fertile in the resources of his cruelty, he soon gathered, out of all classes of society, the slave, the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist, materials enough to form a people to his Master's honor.

The savage hordes come down in torrents from the north, and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sobered them, and backed them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him, and to be made ten times more his children than the older populations which they had overwhelmed.

Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match, and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession; but he went with them by his missionaries, to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity, as far as those children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition.

Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our father's day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates, with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings, that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What gray hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the Everlasting arms? — *Cardinal Newman.*



## Three Minute Instructions

### ON SCANDAL

The word "scandal" is a rather widely abused term. Some use it only in connection with uncharitable conversation, as when they speak of spreading scandal about others. Others use the term as synonymous with any notorious evil deed, which is called a scandal. It is true that the sin of scandal usually accompanies backbiting and uncharitable conversation; and is usually inherent in a notorious crime; yet it has a very definite meaning.

1. Scandal is any word or action which causes spiritual harm to another; e.g. which causes another to sin, or makes it easier for him to sin; which causes another to be less virtuous; which lessens his respect for religion or for the things and persons of religion.
2. It is at its worst, when a person deliberately sets out to cause another to sin, whether from deliberate malice and evil, or from passion and desire for pleasure, or because the other's help is needed for the commission of a sin.
3. It is still the sin of scandal, however, if, though one does not wish or intend the sin of another or the lessening of virtue, he yet foresees that his action or words will have such an effect. Thus, if one spreads or passes on evil literature or pictures, he may not intend the sin of another, but he is guilty of serious scandal nevertheless, because he can foresee very probable sin.
4. It is still scandal, if one tries to induce another to do evil, but fails; or if he acts or speaks in such a way that evil could easily follow, even though as a matter of fact, in a given instance, it does not.
5. It is not scandal, if an action which is in itself good, is misinterpreted by another and made the cause of evil, or used as an argument against religion.

The sin of scandal has its own particular malice. It is the most serious sin against charity, because it does harm to immortal souls. It was for this reason that the gentle Savior condemned it in such terrible words: "He that shall scandalise one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a mill-stone be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea."



# Quadragesimo Anno

## The Fortieth Year

### ENCYCLICAL LETTER

This is a new translation and commentary of the great Encyclical of Pius XI on the Social Question. All true reform in the business world must be based on these principles. This series is being prepared by R. J. Miller, C.Ss.R.

To Our Venerable Brethren: The Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and Other Local Ordinaries, enjoying peace and communion with the Apostolic See, and to all the Faithful of the Catholic World: On Reconstructing the Social Order, and Perfecting it Conformably to the Precepts of the Gospel, in Commemoration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the Encyclical Letter "*Rerum Novarum*."

POPE PIUS XI

VENERABLE BROTHERS AND BELOVED CHILDREN

Health and Apostolic Benediction

#### INTRODUCTION

The fortieth year has just come to a close since Leo XIII of happy memory gave to the world his incomparable Encyclical Letter *Rerum Novarum*. The entire Catholic world welcomes the anniversary with grateful remembrance, and prepares to honor it with appropriate celebrations.

Other Letters of Our Predecessor, it is true, had in a measure paved the way for this remarkable document and proof of pastoral solicitude. His Letter, for instance, on the family and the holy sacrament of matrimony as the foundation of human society; likewise that on the source of the power of the State; that on the proper union between State and Church; that on the chief duties of Christian citizens; then, too, his Letter against the doctrines of the "Socialists," and that against distorted theories of human liberty: these and others of a similar nature had made the position of Leo XIII unmistakably clear. But the Encyclical Letter "*Rerum Novarum*," had this special feature, that it laid down for all mankind the surest guiding rules to follow for a right solution of that difficult problem of human relations, the so-called "social question," precisely at a time when such guidance was most fitting, and indeed, most necessary.

#### I. WHAT LED UP TO *RERUM NOVARUM*

Toward the close of the nineteenth century, the new economic system and modern developments in industry had brought things to such a pass in many countries that the population had become more and more strikingly divided into two classes. The members of the first class were few in number, and enjoyed practically all of the comforts so plentifully supplied by modern inventions; while the second class comprised the poverty-stricken masses of daily laborers, who were struggling constantly, but in vain, to escape their bitter lot.

This state of things was quite satisfactory to the wealthy, who looked upon it as the consequence of inevitable economic laws, and therefore held that all the

**Resultant  
Conflict**

work of relieving the unfortunate should be left to charity alone; as though, indeed, it were the task of charity to make amends for open violations of justice: violations which the lawmakers had not only tolerated, but at times even enacted into law. The workingmen, on the other hand, oppressed by their unhappy lot, were most dissatisfied with the state of affairs, and unwilling to bow much longer beneath the galling yoke. Some of them, carried away by the heat of evil counsels, began to labor for the violent overthrow of everything in the existing order. Others, restrained by Christian training from adopting so unreasonable a course, still were firmly of the opinion that in these matters there was very much that needed immediate and profound reform.

Many outstanding Catholics, priests and laymen, were of the same opinion. Inspired by a charity worthy of the highest admiration, they had long been working to relieve the undeserved destitution of the proletarian classes; for they found it quite impossible to see how so vast and so unfair an inequality in the distribution of human wealth could be in harmony with the designs of the All-Wise Creator.

**Efforts of  
Catholics**

Thus they went whole-heartedly in search of some remedy for this deplorable perversion of the wealth of nations as well as for some certain barrier against the graver evils threatening in the future. But, finding themselves opposed on the one hand as dangerous radicals, and on the other, involved in difficulties with their own associates in the good work, who had ideas and plans at variance with their own, they yielded to the fears and hesitations which attack even the best human minds, and, wavering between the various opinions, did not know which way to turn.

In this serious clash of opinions, and with the controversies which accompanied it raging back and forth,—not always in a peaceful manner—the eyes of all were turned, as often in the past, towards the Chair of Peter, that sacred repository of all truth, from which words of salvation go forth to the whole world. To the feet of Christ's Vicar on earth were seen to flock, in unprecedented numbers, not only experts in social matters, but employers, and even the workingmen themselves, begging with one voice that now at last some safe course be given them to follow.

**Appeal to  
Rome**

Long did the prudent Pontiff weigh the whole matter before God, calling on the best qualified counselors for advice, and carefully considering its every angle. Finally, urged by "the responsibility of the Apostolic office," and fearing lest by silence he neglect the duty which lay upon him, he decided to exercise the divine magisterium committed to him, and to address the whole Church of Christ,—nay, the whole human race.

On May 15, 1891, therefore, the long awaited message was given to the world. Undeterred by the difficulties of the undertaking, and unbowed beneath the weight of years, but with fresh vigor and energy, the venerable Pontiff gave directions to all mankind on how to strike out on new paths in the domain of social life.

**Lea's  
Reply****QUESTIONS ON "THE FORTIETH YEAR"**

*To whom does the Pope address "The Fortieth Year"?*

Not only to the Patriarchs, etc., as Encyclicals are usually addressed but also to "all the faithful of the Catholic World." This is very exceptional in Papal Encyclicals; only five of them in the last seventy-five years have been thus addressed.

*What is the object of "The Fortieth Year" in general?*

To give the Church's remedy for the sufferings of the working classes, namely, the reconstruction and perfection of the social order.

*What is noteworthy about this object of reconstructing the social order?*

Two things: *first*, that although it is a stupendous undertaking, it is not a hopeless ideal, because the Church has power to change society, and actually did reconstruct the social order after the fall of the Roman Empire and the invasion of the barbarians; *secondly*, that the Pope is deliberately calling for this reconstruction, and giving directions on how to accomplish it, and not merely leaving it to the intrinsic power of the Church.

*How does the Pope's object differ from the object of the communists?*

The Pope's is *reconstruction*; the Communists', *revolution*.

*What is the "social order" as taken in "The Fortieth Year"?*

"The social order" in general means all the relations existing between man and man and man and the state. In "The Fortieth Year" the term does not refer so much to the relations within the family or in the field of education, as to the relations in the field of labor and capital: the relations, namely, between employer and employee, between employers themselves and between employees themselves, between business and government, and between various governments.

*How is "The Fortieth Year" divided?*

Into an Introduction, Three Chapters, and a Conclusion.

*What does the Pope treat in the Introduction?*

After some introductory remarks, he *first* describes what led up to the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum"; of Leo XIII; *secondly*, gives a short summary of the "Rerum Novarum"; *thirdly*, states what he will treat in his own Encyclical, "The Fortieth Year."

*What were some of the "celebrations" referred to in the introductory remarks?*

In Europe, there were conventions held by Catholics who were interested in the labor problem, especially by working men; there was a pilgrimage to Rome of 10,000 Catholic workmen from twenty countries of Europe and North and South America. In the United States, the Laymen's Union, a little group of Negro Catholic business men and professional men staged a public celebration in New York on May 15, 1931, in honor of the anniversary of the "Rerum Novarum"; and articles about the "Rerum Novarum" were published in the leading Catholic magazines and papers.

*What is "the social question"?*

It is what is called in the United States, the "labor problem."

*Speaking of "what led up to the Rerum Novarum" what does Pius XI do?*

He describes, *first*, the economic situation as it was about 1890; *secondly*, the conflicts arising therefrom; *thirdly*, the efforts and the difficulties of Catholics who sought to remedy the situation; *fourthly*, the appeal to Rome; *fifthly*, Leo's reply with the "Rerum Novarum."

*What was the "new economic system"?*

It consisted in a change of the relations between employer and employee from the old, or guild system, to the new, or factory system. Under the guild system, the master intimately knew his journeymen and apprentices and was responsible not only for their learning the trade, but also for their character and religion. Under the factory system, the employer became a corporation or trust, and lost personal contact with the employees.

*What were the "modern developments in industry"?*

They began with inventions of machinery about the year 1780, and consisted in the introduction and spread of machinery in industry; also in the growth of factories and factory cities, and the consequent crowding of working people away from the farms and into factory cities.

*What about the rich "few in numbers" and the "poverty stricken masses of the daily laborers"?*

In the United States in 1890, nine per cent of the families owned about seventy-one per cent of the wealth; and the working man averaged three, or at most, five dollars a week for wages.

*Have employers really an obligation in justice to relieve the sufferings of the workingmen?*

Yes; there is under ordinary circumstances an obligation in justice (binding to restitution if violated), to pay them a wage which will enable them to live not only from hand to mouth, but in "frugal comfort," and to provide reasonably for the future; there is ordinarily an obligation in justice (which also binds to restitution if violated) to pay them a family wage; a wage, that is, which will enable them to procure not only the necessities, but also the reasonable comforts of life, for their family.

*What were some violations of justice that had been "enacted into law"?*

For a time workingmen were forbidden by law to form unions or any associations whatever to secure better wages or hours, or to have better safety, sanitary, or housing conditions.

*Who labored for "the overthrow of everything in the existing order"?*

Such were the Anarchists, the Nihilists, and the I. W. W.

*Who were some of "the outstanding Catholic priests" referred to in "The Fortieth Year"?*

In Germany, Bishop von Ketteler of Mainz, and Father Kolping, Canon Moufang, and Canon Hitze; in Switzerland, Cardinal Mermillod; in England, Cardinal Manning; and in the United States, Cardinal Gibbons.

*Who were some "outstanding Catholic laymen" referred to in "The Fortieth Year"?*

A few of the more famous names are: in France: le Play, de Mun, de la Tour du Pin, and Harmel; in Germany: Brandts and Windhorst; in Austria: Vogel-sang, Lichtenstein, and Meyer; in Switzerland: Decurtins; in Belgium: Perin; in Italy: Toniolo.

*What about the United States?*

There were no generally recognized lay leaders in Catholic social doctrine in the United States before the "Rerum Novarum," nor indeed for many years after.

*What did they seek as their "remedy" and "barrier" against the evils referred to?*

In general, it can be brought under three heads: *first*, a renewal of the Christian spirit; *secondly*, some State intervention (although before "Rerum Novarum" not all of them believed in State intervention); and *thirdly*, the organization of workingmen and employers in unions, in guilds or "orders," and in the Corporate State. These organizations will be explained further on in "The Fortieth Year."

*By whom were they opposed as "radicals," and why?*

By the ultra-conservatives in their respective countries, many of them Catholics,

who had a horror of anything that resembled Socialism, and who thought they saw in their organizing of the workingmen and their appeals for State intervention an approach to Socialism.

*How are they "involved in difficulties with their associates"?*

Some of the men named did not believe in any state intervention between employer and employee, while others did; some held that the guild organization should be compulsory, while others advocated voluntary guilds. In the United States, a workingmen's organization called "The Knights of Labor" was held by some Catholics to be a secret Socialistic society, and had been condemned as such by the Bishops of Canada; but Cardinal Gibbons warmly defended "The Knights of Labor" in Rome, where his opinion finally prevailed.

*What "experts," "employers," and "workingmen" begged Leo XIII to pronounce on social matters?*

The "experts" were many of the "outstanding Catholics" named above, who, under Cardinal Mermillod, formed what was called the "Union of Fribourg," drew up a joint statement of Catholic principles, and in 1888 presented it to the Pope; some of the "employers" were 100 French capitalists, who in 1885 brought him an address signed by 1,000 employers; the "workingmen" were led to Rome in pilgrimage mainly by the great French Catholic employer, Leon Harmel, between 1885 and 1891.

*How long did Leo XIII "weigh the matter," and who were his counselors?*

He named a commission to study the matter as far back as 1881; associated with it were many of the Catholics already named, and also the distinguished Jesuit theologians Lehmkuhl and Liberatore, the Dominican Weiss, and Pere de Pascal.

*Did the Pope have any assistance in actually composing the "Rerum Novarum"?*

The first draft was made by the Dominican Cardinal Zigliara; Leo XIII then had two Vatican officials, Monsignori Volpini and Boccali, recast it, and then submitted it anew to Cardinal Zigliara, who examined it and returned it to the Pope; a few days later it was published. The English version was prepared by the collaboration of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, and Bishop Hedley of Newport.

*What is the "divine magisterium"?*

It is the infallible teaching power committed to the Pope by Jesus Christ.

*What were the "difficulties of the undertaking"?*

They were the dangers that the Pope's words would be misunderstood, and that he would be quoted as supporting erroneous doctrines, with the consequent dangers to the Church and to souls.

*How old was Pope Leo XIII when he published the "Rerum Novarum"?*

He was eighty-one years old, having been born March 2, 1810.

*Nicholas Steno, a Danish Protestant, witnessed a Corpus Christi procession in Livorno in 1666. He was so overcome with emotion as the Sacred Monstrance passed by him that he sank down in reverence upon his knees. Soon after he became a convert, later a priest and died as Bishop of Hannover.*

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## *Catholic Anecdotes*

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### PIUS VII AND THE TAILOR

When Pope Pius VII was made prisoner in the little Italian town of Savona by the Emperor Napoleon, the condition of the venerable old man became one of great want. The Pope constantly refused the offer of the Emperor of two million francs for the upkeep of his court.

Christmas 1810 came around and the Pope desired to spend the feast among the good people of the village, but feared he would not be able to do so, because of the tattered condition of his soutane. He called in a tailor of the village and asked him to see what he could do with the old garment to make it presentable. The tailor was very much moved at the sight of the old man and the threadbare condition of the soutane, and called the people together to see the venerable robe of the Pope.

Their enthusiasm became so great that every one wanted a little piece of the garment as a souvenir. This the tailor consented to under condition that everyone who received a souvenir should give something towards a new soutane for the Pope. Soon the old cassock was gone and the tailor's table was littered with gold and silver coins. He quickly made a new garment, and carried it together with a good sum of money to the Pope.

"What have you there, my son?" the Pope greeted the man.

"These, please Your Holiness," the tailor answered, "the love of your faithful children sends you with their sympathy."

Pope Pius was deeply moved, and accepting the cassock, he returned the money saying:

"I thank you for honoring me in making me the dispenser of your charity. Go and relieve with this money the sufferings of the poorest inhabitants of Savona."

And thus the Pope spent Christmas among the poor citadini of Savona.

### THE SADDEST REASON

Ignorance is one of the major causes that keep people from the Church. At times this ignorance might be laid to the deliberate effort of those who should instruct those under their care, at times to cir-

cumstances of birth and conditions of life.

Several years ago a priest was instructing a Protestant lady in the faith. The instruction came to the subject of indulgences.

"What do you think they are?" asked the priest. "Tell me candidly, and do not fear that I will in the least be offended. What do you think one hundred days indulgence means?"

The lady hesitated a moment and then said quite sincerely:

"Why it means, that the sins of one hundred days are remitted; it is a permission to sin for one hundred days."

"That is what you have always been taught, I suppose," said the priest, "but it is an entirely wrong conception of the doctrine of the Church." He then explained what an indulgence meant and when he had finished, the lady looked at him in silence for a moment, and then remarked sadly:

"Yes, I now understand it, but . . . but why were we never told that?"

### RESTORATION OF FAITH

One day the Cure d'Ars saw a man of high social rank enter his sacristy. The unknown man approached respectfully, and the Cure, mistaken for once, or pretending to be, thought he guessed his purpose and pointed to the stool where penitents usually knelt.

"Monsieur le Cure," the man said politely, "I have not come to make my confession, but to discuss things with you."

"Oh, my friend, you have come to the wrong place; I have not skill at discussion. But if it is consolation you want, kneel there; and believe that many another has knelt there before you, and has not regretted it."

"But I have not the faith — I do not believe in confession."

"You have not the faith? Alas, I thought I was ignorant; you are worse. Well, kneel there; I shall hear your confession, and afterwards you will have the faith, just as I have."

"But, my dear Cure, you are asking me to act an utter farce."

"Kneel there."

The persuasiveness, sweetness, and tone of authority, tempered by the graces obtained by a saint, conquered the sinner's heart. He knelt down; made his confession, and arose not only comforted, but firm in believing.



## ~~~~~ *Pointed Paragraphs* ~~~~~

### HOW MAY BECAME MARY'S

The origin of the dedication of the month of May to the Blessed Mother of God, is in a fashion written in the human heart. The sayings of Sacred Scripture applied to the Mother of God from the very first ages and consecrated in the Litany and elsewhere, apply to Mary such titles as "Flower of the Field" "Lily of the valley" "Mystical Rose." This in the Christian mind has linked the month of May with the Mother of God.

Non-Catholic scholars will endeavor to have May but the christianization of the pagan flower festival, the Floralia, but history will not bear out that contention. The dedication of May to Mary as a universal practice in the Church, is a devotion of comparatively modern times. We read in history that Blessed Henry Suso, the German Dominican, offered a garland to Mary each day of May; we also read of the evening gatherings of the inhabitants of Mantua in Italy at a shrine of Our Blessed Mother during this month; the gold-beaters and jewellers of Paris are recorded as setting up a May-pole each year in the cathedral of Notre Dame.

But all these are not as yet the modern custom of daily devotions to the Mother of God during the month of May. The first certain historical record is of the year 1750 in the city of Ferrara where Father Marianus Parthenius published a book of May devotions; eight years later another volume was written by a Jesuit Father, Francesco La Lomia of Palermo. Both these works speak of the month as "consecrated" to Mary, so that scholars who have studied the question think that perhaps the custom of the Mantuans, a custom said already in 1613 to be "*ab antiquo*" (from olden times), might after all be the beginning of this May devotion.

However the case may be, the devotion came to Sicily in 1758 and to France in 1783, and has been a constant devotion in our own country. The institution of daily devotions was confirmed for ten years by Pius VII in 1815, and in 1822 blessed forever.

Thus the May devotions are the offspring of the Christian consciousness, which actualizes the names of Sacred Scripture by sur-



rounding the altar of the Mother of God with "the perfumed chalices of God's beauty and fragrance."

### FOR MOTHER'S DAY

To commemorate Mother's Day, we are only going to quote from the letter of a mother written to Miss Ella Frances Lynch, founder of the Institute of Domestic Education, and printed in one of her columns. The letter is written by an immigrant, not perhaps so highly educated as the world measures education, but learned beyond the wisdom of schools. Thus she writes:

"I want to raise my children right. I try the best I know but that is very little. What do I know about raising children? Tell me just what to do and I will, because that is all I think of, my children, pleased when they show a little improvement, sad when they are not so good.

"All of us talk much about almighty God. Whatever is beautiful or sweet or even when people are extra kind we can see the hand of God. The moon, the stars, the silence of the evening, the trees and flowers, we associate with our good God. When we all seem thinking or talking of other things the little two-year-old will point to a holy picture or a crucifix saying, 'Jesus.' How sweet to hear a baby lisp the name of Jesus.

"I tell my children nice stories about nice people—saints. We talk of heaven. How their imagination works! Francis is interested chiefly because there he can have all the animals he likes, ride in airplanes, eat all the ice cream he wants. I say to my children, 'We must try hard to be good because we are going to heaven where we will be very happy. God has given you to me to lead you to heaven. Imagine what God would say to me if you were not in heaven! How bad I would feel if you were not with God. So we will be good, obedient, work for our salvation.' I go to holy Communion every morning. God has spoiled me. Now I cannot live without the Bread of Life."

### SUPERSTITIOUS MANIAS

Thomas Beer, writing in the March issue of *Harper's* reveals the well-authenticated fact that an orgy of superstition is passing over the land, particularly evident among youth. Amid the testimonies he brings to the proof of his statements are many like the following, written by a master in a fashionable Eastern school:

"This school is populated by sons of educated men. . . I repeat

that what startles me is this belief in luck. The vicious phase of the mania is the denial of honest effort. If you are unlucky you are just unlucky. It is never your fault. If you are lucky you 'get away with it.' I call this vicious. . . The effect of the financial slump is to increase the mania."

And a teacher at a girls' school, after noting a variety of superstitions among the students, comments:

"What worries me is the weakening effect of all this hokum on their characters. The everlasting gabble about luck drives me wild. They have very little belief in character anyhow. They do not respect attainments unless they are social accomplishments. And what do their parents do to co-operate with the school in crushing superstition? The answer in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is, Nothing."

These are, I say, only samples of the testimonies adduced for this deplorable craze. Yet it can be explained, and will not be stopped until its causes have been removed.

The heart of man is naturally religious, i.e., it naturally tends to seek a knowledge of God and supramundane things. If you block the avenues through which a child or youth can find an outlet for this natural tendency, by giving it no instruction about God and true religion, the child will seek and find religious satisfaction in belief in all manner of foolish things. So it readily comes to believe it to be unlucky to see a new moon, to touch a black cat, to dream of white flowers, to have one's hair cut on Friday, etc.

The widespread belief in "luck" also has its origin in the collapse of moral training that attends lack of religious instruction. Let us not blame the child, if, after its will has been left unsupported by any truly moral training or any reasons for responsibility, it comes to the fixed view that one's luck is the measure of success or failure.

Once more have Catholics the right and duty to be thankful for their heritage of moral and religious training, and the task of showing those around them religion without superstition, and trust in the one true God without guile.

### A CHANGE OF VIEW

Considerable publicity was given, not so many years ago, to certain advanced ideas proposed by one Judge Ben Lindsay of Denver on the subject of marriage. One of the advanced ideas that found in him an ardent sponsor was the view that "companionate marriage" or

"marriage on trial" would be a boon to society.

Readers of the daily Press were therefore quite surprised recently when the same Judge came out strongly for old fashioned ideas of marriage. He even struck directly at such short-time marriages as are common, if not because they started out as merely "companionate," at least because of speedy divorce.

"I am supposed," said the Judge, "to be an advanced thinker in this field, but nevertheless I am for the good old-fashioned marriage until death do us part. The problem is to get it that way. I believe our grand-parents were happier and spiritually more successful than we are. Whatever we may think of their ideas, those ideas are gone, and the old time home based on it, has either passed or is passing."

"People, today," he continued, "regard marriage as a temporary affair, and as long as it ministers to their own passions and pleasures, they find it acceptable. When that ceases they go to a lawyer."

The result of all this, he said, is that free love, domestic chaos and sexual anarchy are at hand. As a remedy he prescribed a turn to science, religion and education.

These are sound ideas, and sorely needed. History is full of examples of what will happen to the American people if they are not heeded soon!

### THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH

The following pithy sermons are offered by the *Catholic Deaf-Mute*:

#### *These are the foolish:*

The man who is not governed by yesterday's mistakes.

The man who thinks every successful man has a pull.

The man who hasn't the courage to change his mind.

The man who is always waiting for his luck to turn.

The man who always has "It can't be done" on the tip of his tongue.

The man who thinks that he can get along without God.

#### *These are the wise:*

The man who would rather try again than give up.

The man who would rather be an optimist than a pessimist.

The man who would rather be out of style than in debt.

The man who would rather win a friend than an argument.

The man who would rather have character than capital.

The man who would rather disappoint his friends than offend his God.

# \*-----LIGUORIANA-----\*

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### "THE GLORIES OF MARY"

God wills that all graces come to us through Mary's hands.

\* \* \*

Almighty God, to glorify the Mother of the Redeemer, has established by His decree and provided by His providence that she in her great charity should pray for all for whom her Divine Son has paid and offered the superabundant price of His Precious Blood.

\* \* \*

Since the great Virgin Mary has been exalted to be the Mother of the King of Kings, Holy Church honors her, and wills her to be honored by everyone, with the glorious title of Queen: Hail, holy Queen.

\* \* \*

It is true that in dying for the human race Jesus willed to be alone: "I have trodden the wine press alone." But when He saw Mary's great longing to do something also for the salvation of mankind, He provided that by her sacrifice and offering of Jesus Himself she should co-operate in our salvation, and so become the Mother of our souls.

\* \* \*

See how our Mother calls to us and lets us hear her voice: "He that is a little one, let him turn to me."

\* \* \*

Since all men were redeemed by Jesus, Mary loves and is devoted to them all.

\* \* \*

Mary protests that she is the mother not only of the just and

innocent, but also of sinners, as long as they desire to amend.

\* \* \*

If all men loved this kindest and most loving Lady, and always had immediate recourse to her in temptations, who would ever fall into sin? Who would ever be lost? It is those who do not have recourse to Mary who fall into sin and are lost.

\* \* \*

Mary renders death sweet to her clients.

\* \* \*

How many proud souls have found humility through devotion to Mary! How many harsh souls have found meekness! How many blind souls have found light; how many desperate, confidence; how many that were lost, have found salvation!

\* \* \*

The number of our sins, great though it be, need not diminish our confidence of being heard by Mary, when we have recourse to her protection. She is the Mother of Mercy, and mercy has its place only there where there is misery to be relieved.

\* \* \*

God has made Mary so powerful over the demons, that if they attack a client of hers, and he prays to her for help, she gives a single sign and they are at once put to flight; preferring to have their torments redoubled rather than be defeated in conflict with the power of Mary.

\* \* \*

Devotion to Mary is a sign of predestination.

## Book Reviews

### FICTION

*The Hand of God.* By W. A. Dostal. Published by Benziger. 229 pages. Price, \$2.00 net.

A novel whose setting is a Czech community of immigrants. The chief characters are a loyally Catholic Czech family, a wayward daughter, become such through a non-Catholic schooling, and a paganized youth whom she married outside the Church. The development of the story leads these two latter through bitter sorrow and suffering until, through this chastisement of the "Hand of God" their lives are smoothed out once more. The story hews closely to the line of the sermon that provides its plot, and makes very clear its pointed moral.—*D. F. M.*

*Realization.* By Edwina Sedgubury. Published by Benziger. 220 pages. Price, \$2.00 net.

The not uncommon plot of a child separated in babyhood from its kin, raised by a stranger who grows to love it, and who in early manhood is brought by coincidence back into contact with his own people, is here presented in new guise. The important and valuable feature of the story, however, is the manner in which the adopted finds his way into the Catholic Church, though his foster-mother neither understands nor ever speaks of it. There is some excellent writing in the book, both in the portraiture of character and the description of scenes in nature. As a rule the dialogue is simple and natural, though at crucial times the author is inclined to place sentences on the lips of characters that come under the head of "striving for effect." Into the plot framework are woven a rather copious supply of coincidences, which however, do not always detract from the interest.—*D. F. M.*

### DOCTRINE

*The Communion of Saints.* By V. M. Breton, O. F. M. Translated by the Rev. R. E. Scantelbury. Published by Herder. 213 pages. Price, \$1.35 net.

This is truly a book of the hour. It is a thorough discussion of the great dogma of the Communion of Saints, which is so intimately bound up with the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, that is being so widely discussed

among Catholics today. In the first part of the book, the author gives the meaning of the formula of the dogma, its history in the early Church from writings and facts of early Christian life. In the second part of the book, the author presents the evidence of revelation for the dogma, and here he has an especially fine treatise on "the Pauline analogy of the Mystical Body." The last part of the work is devoted to a consideration of the duties of Christians towards achieving in a practical way the union of all the faithful desired by the will of Christ. This book will be invaluable to students of dogma, and of deep interest to all intelligent Catholic readers.—*D. F. M.*

### DEVOTION

*From Green Hills of Galilee.* By Cathal O'Byrne. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. 151 pages. Price, \$1.50; postpaid, \$1.65.

This is the March selection of the Spiritual Book Associates, the new book club which offers ten selected spiritual books each year for the membership price of \$15.00. It is a feast of words, of words that flow melodiously, softly, charmingly, with all the tenderness and pathos and music of a true Irishman's soul. The little stories told are legends or imaginative plots built up around some of the simple stories of the Bible, like the dream of Claudia, the wife of Pilate, the meeting between Christ and the Samaritan woman at the well, the penitence of the Good Thief, etc. The scenes are laid in Galilee and Judea, but the language and dialogue belong to Erin.—*D. F. M.*

### PAMPHLETS

*What of Lawful Birth-Control?* By the Rev. D. A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cents.

A very frank discussion between the well-known pamphlet characters of Father Lord—the genial Father Hall and the Bradley twins—on the much abused and misunderstood subject of "lawful birth-control." Father Hall explains the ins and outs of the topic in a reverent and forceful manner, a manner surely calculated to be of benefit to young people beset on all sides by publicized contradictory views.—*D. F. M.*



## Catholic Events



### Persons:

*Pope Pius XI* will send his blessing to Lourdes by radio on Sunday, April 28, to conclude the solemn triduum with which the Holy Year of Jubilee commemorating the 19th centenary of the Redemption will be brought to a close. The Holy Father will also take part in a holy hour of adoration in St. Peter's Basilica in Rome at the time of the conclusion of the ceremonies at Lourdes.

*The Most Rev. Arthur Hinsley, D.D.*, titular bishop of Sardis and canon of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter, has been appointed Archbishop of Westminster, England, in succession to the late Francis Cardinal Bourne. In 1928 Archbishop Hinsley was named Apostolic Visitor to all African missions in British territory.

*Frank Hamilton Spearman*, California novelist and scenario writer, has been named recipient of the 1935 Laetare medal, bestowed each year by Notre Dame University on some outstanding Catholic layman. Mr. Spearman has been selected in recognition of his service to the country in the volumes of interesting and wholesome fiction he has produced through many years for a large reading public.

*Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne*, parents of the famous quintuplets, have made known in an article in the *Catholic Register* of Toronto their intention of objecting to the end against the action of the provincial government of Ontario in making their children wards of the government. The bill decreeing this action is described by them as one "dividing their family and destroying their parental rights," and they are determined "not to rest while they have breath to fight it." In response to the promises that have been made to them, they say: "We would rather live in our old place with our children, than in a palace without them."

*The Paulist Fathers* have announced that the 1st three months of 1935 have produced the best results in pamphlet distribution in the history of this form of Catholic Action. About 400,000 pamphlets were distributed. The "Face the Facts" series of ten pamphlets by Rev. Wilfrid Hurley, C.S.P. sold out its 1st edition of 150,000 and 100,000 more were printed.

*Senator J. J. Hughes*, liberal member of the Canadian Senate, recently introduced a bill designed to prevent any divorced person in Canada from remarrying any one other than his or her former spouse. Under the terms of the bill the same penalty would be imposed on those who remarry after divorce as on bigamists, viz., a prison term up to seven years. In a speech in the Senate, Senator Hughes called divorce a leading factor in the decay and destruction of empires whose names are almost forgotten.

*The Knights of Columbus* mobilization drive up to recently had brought in 34,552 applications for membership in the fraternity.

*The Franciscan Missionary Brothers* of Mt. Poincur in the Diocese of Mylapora, India, have been using motion pictures to assist their work for souls. They have shown a picture representing the life of Our Lord to some 15,000 Christians, Moslems, and pagans in 15 villages in the last two months. As a result, several pagan villages have asked for further instruction in Christianity.

*Judge Rutherford*, outlawed last year from many United States radio stations

for his bigoted broadcasts, has been active in Europe of late. In Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia and other countries, hundreds of thousands of his viciously anti-Catholic books have been disseminated.

*Mr. T. S. Gregory*, formerly a Methodist minister in England, has been received into the Church in London. His family had been Methodist since the foundation of the sect by John Wesley almost two centuries ago. Mr. Gregory was converted by a book he himself wrote, entitled, "The Unfinished Universe," whose line of development led him into the Church before it was finished.

*Theodore Penrose Fry*, former Anglican clergyman and convert, husband of the novelist, Sheila Kaye-Smith, in an address to the students of the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul, recently stated that Catholicism is advancing in England, and that the country may be known again before long as "Our Lady's Dowry." He also gave as a reason for his own conversion that at the time of his ordination to the Anglican ministry he was obsessed by the realization that the ceremony was taking place in a church built for another religion, by a rite which was the property of another faith, and by a bishop who had usurped the place of another and lived in a residence built for bishops of another faith.

#### Places:

With regard to *Mexico*, a thorough, profound and authoritative study of the religious situation has just come off the press called "Blood-Drenched Altars," written by Bishop Kelley of Oklahoma City and published by Bruce, Milwaukee. It is a scholarly work, and is to be placed in the hands of all United States Senators and Representatives. It is also the April choice of the Catholic Book of the Month Club.

In *New York*, the bill outlawing nudist camps and gymnasiums, sponsored by the Legion of Decency under the leadership of Al Smith, has passed both houses of the legislature and is expected to be confirmed by Governor Lehman. The bill makes it a misdemeanor for a person to display himself before two or more persons similarly displaying themselves.

In *Texas*, both houses of the legislature have passed a bill providing free textbooks to children attending private and denominational schools. The measure passed the Senate practically without debate, but in the House furious speeches were made against it, though it was passed by the overwhelming vote of 129 to 9.

In *Georgia*, a bill providing for the sterilization of habitual criminals and insane and feeble-minded persons passed both houses of the legislature, but was vetoed by Governor Talmadge.

In *Pennsylvania* and in *Missouri* similar bills providing sterilization are under consideration in the legislature.

In *Great Falls, Montana*, Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara has enrolled approximately 5,000 families in a confraternity of Christian doctrine whose main purpose is to provide for the teaching of Christian doctrine in Catholic homes. The bishop has selected for the members the book, "The Means of Grace," by Rev. Leon McNeill, which provides thorough instruction for children on the Sacraments. Parents are to follow this in teaching their children at home.

At *Notre Dame University*, a national conference will be held July 8-12 by leaders of youth among the clergy. The Rev. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., director of the Catholic Youth bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, will direct the meeting. Representatives of outstanding youth organizations throughout the country will be present.



## L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s

Professor of Botany: "Give me a more eloquent rendering of the sentence, 'The sap rises'."

Student: "Sure, The boob gets out of bed."

\*

Medical Professor: "Now, when you examine a patient's lungs, what do you find?"

Smart Student: "The seat of his pants."

\*

Teacher (to practical child): "Now, Mary, how would you prevent milk from going sour?"

Practical Child: "Drink it, ma'am."

\*

A general and a colonel were walking down the street. They met many privates, and each time the colonel would salute he would mutter, "the same to you."

The general's curiosity soon got the better of him, and he asked.

"Why do you always say that?"

The colonel answered:

"I was once a private and I know what they are thinking."

\*

Diner: "Waiter, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

Waiter: "Yes—but you know how turtles are."

\*

"Is your seat quite comfortable, dear?" she asked.

"Very comfortable, in deed," he whispered in surprise.

"And have you a good view of the screen?"

"Yes—perfectly—dear."

"You are not bothered by the draught from the exit?"

"No, my sweetheart," he murmured.

"Then give me your seat—you selfish little weasel!"

\*

"No you can't see Mr. Smith," snapped the sharp-faced woman to the election canvasser at the door.

"But madam," expostulated the canvasser, "I merely wish to find out to which party he belongs."

"Well, take a good look at me. I'm the party he belongs to."

They were sitting on the veranda in the moonlight. No words broke the stillness for half an hour. She began to yawn.

"I say," she said suddenly, "suppose you had money, what would you do?"

He threw out his chest manfully.

"If I had money," he said with great enthusiasm, "I'd travel."

He felt her warm young hand in his. He closed his eyes and sighed happily. When he looked up again she was gone.

In his hand lay a dime.

\*

1st Little Girl: "What kind of gum do you like best—wintergreen or licorice?"

2nd Little Girl: "I really like licorice best but mamma has told me never to taste anything with liquor in it."

\*

Old Lady to Librarian: "I'd like a nice book."

Librarian: "Here's one about the cardinal."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in religion."

Librarian: "But this is a bird."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in his private life either."

\*

Ole, the night porter, was testifying before the jury after the big bank robbery.

"You say," thundered the attorney, "that at midnight you were cleaning the office, and eight masked men brushed past you and went on into the vault room with revolvers drawn?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"And a moment later a terrific explosion blew the vault door off, and the same men went out past you carrying currency and bonds?"

"Yah," said Ole.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Aye out down my mop."

"Yes, but then what did you do?"

"Vell, Aye say to myself, 'dis bane hell of a way to run a bank!'"

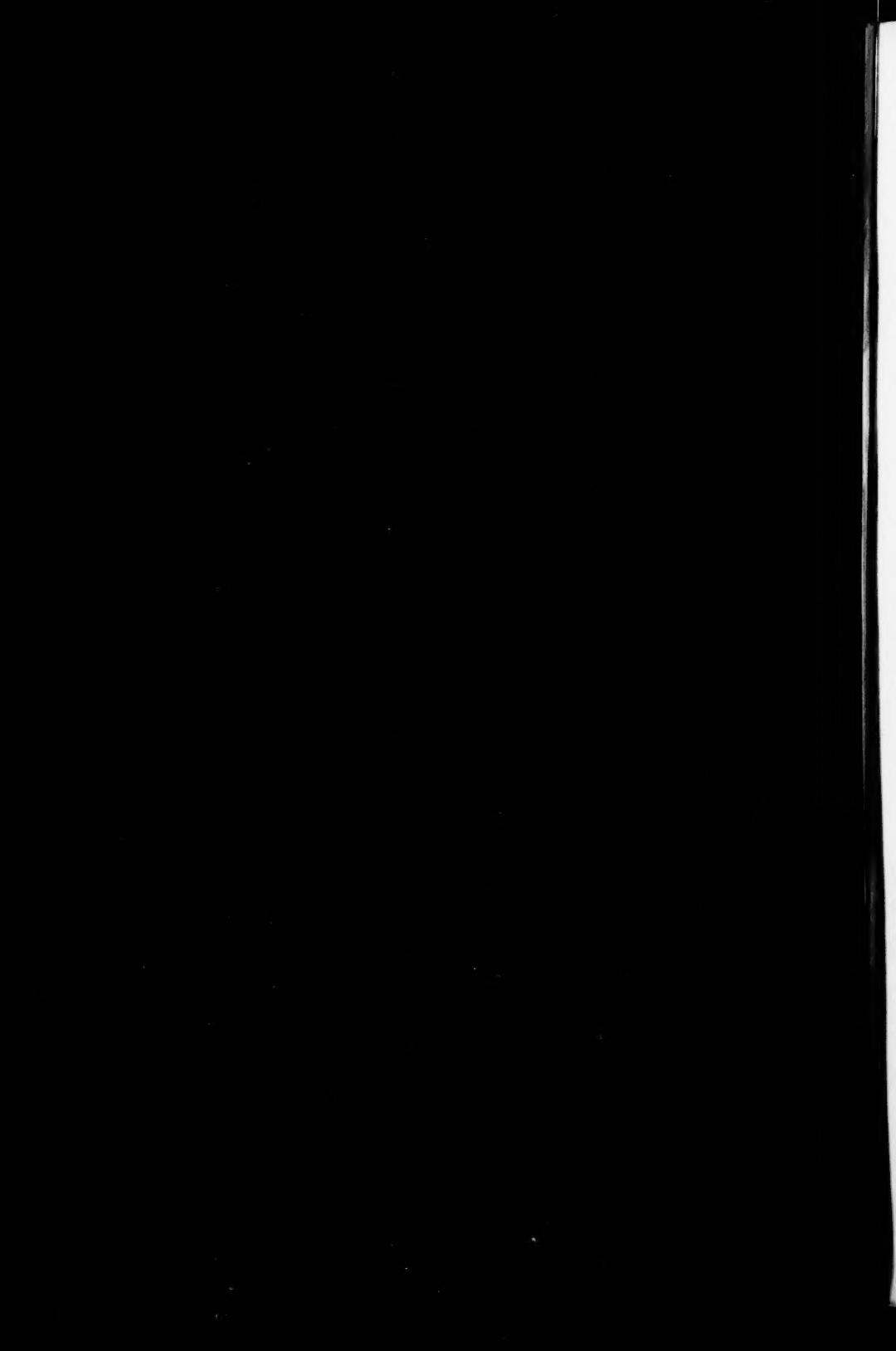
\*

A minister, in addressing his flock, began, "As I gazed about I see before me a great many bright and shining faces."

Just then eighty-seven puffs were brought into action.







## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communion, and the daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

Married Ladies Burse, St. Louis (Rock Church) ..	\$2,686.52	
Sodality Member .....	25.00	\$2,711.52
Ven. Bishop Neumann Burse .....	4,520.00	
F. W. R. ....	10.00	4,530.00
Sacred Heart Promoters' Burse .....	4,352.57	
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Mary Gockel Burse .....		12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Ss.R., Memorial Burse..	\$1,102.73	
A Friend .....	5.00	1,107.73
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	\$ 843.94	
In Thanksgiving .....	2.00	845.94
St. Alphonsus Burse .....		100.00

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Contributions may be sent to:

VERY REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,  
Box A,  
Oconomowoc, Wis.

# Motion Picture Guide

The following pictures have received general approval of the Legion of Decency. They are fit for family audiences.

All the King's Horses	Hell in the Heavens	The Mysterious Mr. Wu
Anne of Green Gables	Here Is My Heart	Music in the Air
Baboonia	Hold 'Em Yale	Naughty Marietta
Bachelor of Arts	Home on the Range	The Night Is Young
Baby Face Harrington	Hoosier Schoolmaster	Northern Frontier
Behind the Evidence	I'll Fix It	The Nut Farm
Big Hearted Herbert	I'll Love You Always	One More Spring
Brewster's Millions	Imitation of Life	One New York Night
Bright Eyes	In Spite of Danger	Outlaw Rule
Call of the Coyote	Iron Duke	Peck's Bad Boy
Calling All Cars	Jack Ahoy	The President Vanishes
Captain Hurricane	Kentucky Kernels	Princess O'Hara
Car 99	Laddie	Return of Chandu
Cardinal Richelieu	The Last Gentleman	Revenge Rider
Carnival	Law Beyond the Range	Roberta
The Casino Murder Case	Les Miserables	Ruggles of Red Gap
Charlie Chan in Paris	Life Begins at 40	Runaway Queen
Chasing Yesterday	Life of Our Saviour	The Scarlet Pimpernel
Clive of India	Lightning Strikes Twice	Sequoia
Crimson Trail	Lily of Killarney	A Shot in the Dark
The County Chairman	The Little Colonel	The Silver Streak
David Copperfield	Little Men	Sons of Steel
Devil Dogs of the Air	The Little Minister	Spring Tonic
Dog of Flanders	The Lives of a Bengal	Stone of Silver Creek
Eight Bells	Lancer	Strangers All
Family Audience	Love in Bloom	Swell Head
Father Brown, Detective	Love Time	Sweepstake Annie
Fugitive Lady	Man of Aran	Symphony of Living
Gentlemen Are Born	Man From Hell	Traveling Saleslady
The Ghost Walks	The Man Who Changed	Under Pressure
The Good Fairy	His Name	The Unfinished Symphony
Grand Old Girl	The Marines Are Coming	Unwanted Stranger
Great Expectations	Mary Jane's Pa	Way of the West
Great Hotel Murder	Maybe It's Love	West of the Pecos
Gun Fire	McFadden's Flats	When a Man Sees Red
Happiness Ahead	Million Dollar Baby	When a Man's a Man
Have a Heart	Mr. Dynamite	The White Cockatoo
Hei Tiki	Murder in the Clouds	Wings in the Dark
Helidorado	My Heart Is Calling	The Winning Ticket